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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, MARCH 24, 1904. NUMBER 4

Song.

A rushing of wings in the dawn,
A flight of birds in the sky!
The darkness of night withdrawn,
In an outburst of melody!

O birds through the heavens that soar
With such tumult of jubilant song!
The shadows are flying before,
For the rapture of life is strong,

And my spirit leaps to the light
On the wings of its hope newborn,
And I follow your radiant flight
Through the golden halls of morn!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

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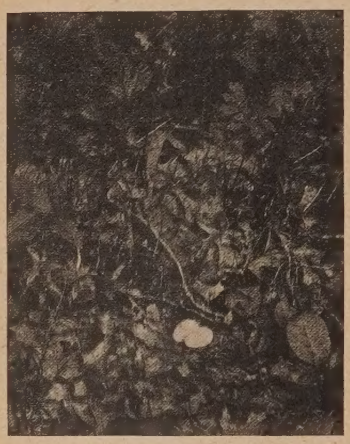
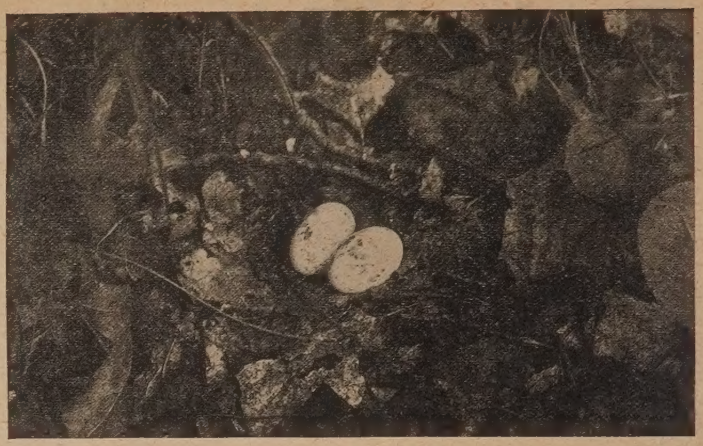
Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Whip-poor-will on nest. Foliage by eggs will help to locate old bird. Taken from life by Rett E. Olmstead, at Decorah, Iowa, July 4, 1903.



Whip-poor-will's eggs, showing location of nest. Same as one opposite, taken at longer range.

Young Whip-poor-wills in nest, just out of shell. Taken July 4, 1903, from life, by Rett E. Olmstead, Decorah, Iowa.



Whip-poor-will's eggs in nest, taken from nature, with rayfilter used in exposure. Taken by Rett E. Olmstead, at Decorah, Iowa, June 25, 1903.

Bird Lectures

As the season approaches when the return of the birds is anxiously looked forward to, may it not be well to direct your attention to a closer walk with the feathered tribe. It is with a desire to help to a better conception of bird life that I offer to the public some illustrated bird lectures, touching their life in the fields and woods; visiting them in their haunts and there studying them, hoping thereby to create a deeper love for and a nobler appreciation of the feather friends.

The accompanying half-tones were made from negatives taken from life by myself last summer near my home. The eggs are those of the whip-poor-will; the young whip-poor-wills; and the old whip-poor-will upon the nest.

In offering these lectures to the public I do so keeping especially in mind the children. They are suitable for Audubon and Humane Societies, Lecture Courses, Schools, Teachers' Institutes, Women's Clubs, etc. For particulars, address

Rett E. Olmstead
Decorah, Iowa

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1904. NUMBER

The compulsory use of separate coaches by colored travelers on Southern railroads conduces to reflection. In Chicago, as well as elsewhere, it is not uncommon to see men voluntarily seek out that one car, or section of a car, which every trolley, cable, elevated, or steam line taxes its other patrons to provide for such occupancy, and there remain, although the floor is swimming with tobacco juice and the fetid air causes their clothing to reek for days with the effluvia,—a car which no woman enters and which most men shun. Query. Which is inherently the second class car, the "Jim Crow" or the "smoker?"

Outside the limited circle of those financially interested, the Supreme Court's Northern Securities decision will give very general satisfaction. Under present conditions it is doubtless a righteous judgment, and one that will conduce to the common welfare. At the same time there is food for thought in the grounds upon which the decision is based: Competition must be preserved as a safeguard against monopoly! Of the two, there is little doubt that competition is still preferable in the interest of the public affected. It will not, however, always be necessary or possible to reduce the problem to this simple dilemma. The time is coming when such parallel roads as the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific will be included under one management, not as monopoly, but as co-operation —to the great advantage of public and management alike.

In *The Commons* for March is to be found what is probably the most authentic and impartial account yet published of the Water-works Conspiracy of Grand Rapids. It is a sad and saddening story, and one which points its own moral and enforces its own warning. There is, however, one statement in that narrative, written by a citizen of Grand Rapids, the significance of which the cursory reader is likely to overlook and similarly situated towns likely to neglect. It appears that the present water supply has long been so unsatisfactory that most of those able to do so have purchased their drinking water from private bottling companies. Yet, in the face of such conditions, efforts to issue bonds for a better supply *"have been two or three times voted down by the city!"* That explains the growth of so foul a scandal from so fair a soil. This general niggardliness and public indifference to the common weal created that rank atmosphere of self-interest in which ethical considerations rotted.

One of our historical scholars, in a personal letter, writes as follows regarding various things that have recently been published in UNITY concerning John Calvin:

"The burning of Servetus and Gruet was certainly melancholy enough, but to emphasize it as anything unique or exceptional at that time is monstrous. One could give a list of hundreds of people burned by the churches, Protestant and Catholic, for a century after the burning of Servetus, which had far less provocation than the Geneva ecclesiastics felt that they had in 1553—which happens by the way to have been the very year of the accession of Queen Mary in England, whose Catholic cruelties hardly exceeded the Protestant cruelties of Elizabeth, who followed her and whose learned bishops doubtless believed they were doing God service in hanging Copping and Thacker and Barrow and Greenwood and Penry and the other Puritans and Brownists. What can a man mean by saying that Calvin "is the one man in religious history in whom no historian (so far as I know) has discovered a single virtue"? From Theodore Beza, who knew him intimately, and multitudes of his contemporaries, down, thoughtful men have paid highest tribute to his heroic virtues and devoted character; while his influence in behalf of freedom, in Switzerland, France, Holland, Scotland, England and New England, was greater than any other influence in his time. This is something that needs to be forever emphasized in the ears of a people who never seem to remember anything about John Calvin, except in connection with the burning of Servetus."

According to the press dispatches the Czar's police recently gave the great pianist Paderewski notice to leave St. Petersburg within twenty-four hours, and never to return. The action was caused by Paderewski's replying to the Czar, who said to him that he was pleased to find so much talent in a Russian, "I beg your majesty's pardon; I am a Pole." To this extent the potentate of all the Russias is obliged to go in order to crush the spirit of Poland and to stamp out with the heel of Russian despotism all independent thought and life in that unhappy nation. England, after centuries of criminal blundering, is just beginning to see the folly of trying to suppress the Irish national spirit. Under a more genial policy, the national life and literature of the Irish people are once more reviving. Centuries must go by before Russia will awaken to this more humane policy. Meanwhile the futility of suppressing a people by force will be illustrated over and over again. The lesson is one for the rulers of a republic that is beginning to have colonies, and for the portion of our people who think that they can frighten the negroes among us into submission, to take to heart.

The revelations before the Senate committee, of polygamy among the Mormons of Utah are bad enough to tax all the wisdom and force of the constituted authorities who will have to deal with the matter. They offer a rich opportunity to those ministers of religion who gain popularity by bearing down hard on the sins that their congregations "have no mind to," to revel in denunciation of this desecration of the American home. It would be in-

teresting to hear some of these sensation-mongers, who are usually orthodox of the orthodox on matters that concern their bread and butter, attempt to explain the household arrangements of Abraham, Jacob, David, Solomon, and other Old Testament worthies whose characters they hold up for our emulation. We should like, also, to hear from these pulpits some rebuke of the practical polygamy that runs riot in all our cities, underneath the surface of what we are pleased to call our enlightened civilization. So far as can be learned, the Mormons are not a people very far up in the scale of development. They appear to have, however, the merit of practising what they preach; and if some of the rest of us were to turn our attention to that same thing in ourselves, it is probable that not only the Mormon problem but others would be much nearer a solution.

A spark, a fuse, a powder mine,—separately harmless as Autumn leaves. But one end of the fuse in the powder, the other touched with the spark, and a noble vessel lies a wreck, the coffin of its gallant crew, in Havana Harbor! So immense is the difference between facts isolated and facts correlated. Certain related moral conditions, or facts, in our midst are beginning to co-operate in a way and to a degree that threatens the wreck of our social order. The perpetuity of any state is conditioned upon the moral quality of its citizenship. That is the first fact. It has been scientifically demonstrated that susceptibility to religious impressions is almost exclusively the priceless possession of youth. That is the second fact. The state has repudiated its obligation to impart the necessary moral training to its youth. That is the third fact. The state has prohibited its educational agent, the public school, from imparting it. That is the fourth fact. The homes of the land have practically abdicated their responsibility for this training. That is the fifth fact. Each of these facts, alone, is clearly enough recognized by everybody. Will a sufficient number recognize the significance of their coexistence and co-operation to avert their evil consequences by supplying elsewhere that religious education which these natural guardians deny? Here the tremendous task and importance of church and Sunday-school work begin to loom into view.

Those are said to be the happiest nations which have no history, or rather, whose history is a record of quiet labor at their own tasks. The saying is true, because this is a process of accumulation of strength, and when the need comes there is abundant garnered power with which to meet it. But those are not the happiest people who never have to face a crisis, for only in dire need do we know our full power or draw upon our last reserves of strength or knowledge or skill. The northern half of this country never knew itself until after the bitter years of the Civil War. Then the long accumulated wealth and physical courage and moral power found a fit task in the preservation of the Union; and on the impulse that the higher life of the nation then received, we have ever since built our greater endeavors. The end of life individually is that we may know how to live; that we may acquire the power to face anything that comes to us and conquer it. It is in this light that our lesser experiences of every day gain dignity and meaning. Nothing could well be more trivial, to the mature mind, than the exercises of the child at school. There is endless repetition, with almost imperceptible progress. Yet the process is significant and even wonderful, because the little mind is gathering power—as out of the endless repetitions of our daily experience we need to gather it—power to do in time, if the original capacity is there, even the greatest tasks.

It is refreshing to hear the cry of "Socialism" go up from Wall Street every time any check appears to the "financial interests" of the country. Commenting upon the recent Northern Securities decision of the United States Supreme Court, a Wall Street expert says, "To me there appears a point which as yet no one seems to have realized, viz., that this decision is likely to be the forerunner of socialism in all of its forms. When the Supreme Court of the United States says that it is its opinion that the public must be protected against the encroachment of combinations of capital, it seems to me it is striking a blow at the liberty of the individual, for what is a corporation of any character but a combination of individuals?" This astute financier does not appear to recognize that the public is also a combination of individuals, and that the real question involved is whether a few individuals shall have unlimited power given them to exploit the interests of the many. The Northern Securities decision of the Supreme Court, though it involves points that no layman can understand, means at bottom this: that the future development of the great region of Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming and farther west is not to be wholly in the hands of a little group of financiers located in New York, but is to be in some measure, at least, in the keeping of the people of those states themselves. If this is what Wall Street calls socialism, it is what the rest of the country calls democracy and individual liberties. Small as was the margin by which the decision was secured, it ought to be hailed as an event of the foremost significance for the future development of these United States. It means that the privileges that our people have been recklessly giving away, in cities and in the country at large, to railroad interests, really belong in the last analysis to the people themselves. If this is socialism, let Wall Street make the most of it!

"I will not destroy the city for the sake of the ten righteous men." God and man in that story about Abraham in the dawn of history are grappling with the city problem, and the truth brought out is the saving power of a righteous man in a city, a truth which we, more than any other generation, need to heed. There is no diviner call to any righteous man today than to

devote himself to the redemption of his city as his own business. Take a man who does not need to continue in business in order to get a living; a man with a social conscience; a man who puts the moral interests of a city first; a man who sees the worth of men, who loves men, and there opens to him a work that will count immeasurably for Christianity, for civilization, for humanity. Such a man needs the consecration of the missionary, the zeal of the reformer, the push of the promoter, the grasp of the successful business man, the shrewdness of the politician, the genius of the inventor, the moral heroism of the good woman, and the faith of the Christian—for no harder or nobler task awaits any worker. But it is worth his while. Jacob Riis has demonstrated what the power of one righteous man, not equipped as many a man in many a city is now has been the past twenty-five years in New York City. His dream that when President Roosevelt is no longer president he may return and take up again his old splendid fight for the salvation of his city, is the dream of a practical Christian statesman, and one that ought to be fulfilled. Ex-President Cleveland would have counted more, after he had proved as president his integrity as a ruler; could have done more as a righteous man in New York City as a police commissioner or city attorney, or mayor, maybe, than he did as president, because the storm center of our civilization is now the city, and not until the strongest and best men of a nation will consecrate themselves to this work will the city be saved. The divine prescription was given in the days of Abraham. We must learn to use it better. But we never shall till more men get something of the yearning pity, the tender compassion of Jesus, when he said, "O Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings."

"Ground Arms!"

This is the psychological moment for reading the work of fiction known as "Lay Down Your Arms," by the Baroness von Suttner, in the English translation, prepared at the instance of the International Arbitration and Peace Association. The war news from a distance give a spice of excitement to the day, and feelings of admiration are easily roused for the courage and self-sacrifice shown on one side or another of a great conflict. Heroism, honor, glory, patriotism—these are the words with which we cast a glamor over the method of war. What the method of war is in its hideous naked reality, its desolation of homes, its horrors of slaughter and suffering, its unchaining of the beasts of passion, the wreck and ruin of individual lives and social well-being, its obscuration of the normal moral judgment of men and the blind uncomprehending way in which a nation is hurled into this abyss of passion and brutality without knowing why or wherefore—all this is vividly depicted in this painful and drastic work of historical fiction. It is worth while to be obliged to imagine the actual reality of human experience in Korea and Manchuria and to put ourselves in the place of these our fellow men who are victims of this savage method of achieving political results. Now is the time for the lover of peace to say his word—now when the nations shudder with dread at the tumultuous immoral forces liberated by the excitement of battle. "The prince or statesman is perhaps already alive who is to bring to perfection the exploit which will live in all future history as the most glorious and most enlightened of all exploits—that which will carry universal disarmament." So wrote the Baroness von Suttner. It was indeed true that the prince was then alive who should propose the reduction of armaments and the method of arbitration and the colossal tragedy of our age is that this prince is compelled to use the loathed method of war and to stimulate the other nations of the world to increased armaments. As the princely head of a church wearing the name of one who taught the substitution of love for enmity, the Czar of Russia must invoke the blessing of Christ upon armies that shall deal fury and slaughter. Tolstoy preaches the actual gospel of Jesus and is excommunicated. The gentle, peace-loving Czar must go through a holy ceremonial of invoking the Prince of Peace to aid the Russians in the slaughter of Asiastics and the forcible appropriation of Asiastic territory. The Gospel according to Matthew is the proper reading at this hour of history. To every sane reader it makes the splendid religious ceremony of the Czar a ghastly mockery. Nor is this the only glaring contrast that comes to mind. Without enthusiasm for the purposes of Japan, one sees the far-flung glittering battle line of the Russians and hears the exhortations to fight for home and country. Then far behind the plumed and crested battle line one sees the home that is to inspire to self-sacrifice; a home of starving peasants, denied education, denied political liberty, denied freedom of conscience. Russian statesmen, we are told, proclaim a holy mission of Russia to establish a universal system of authority in government and in religion. What that authority is worth as an ideal may be measured by the dwarfed and embittered lives of those who flee from it to our freer shores. To such self-contradictions arrives the caste that seeks for power without the mission of service and the name of Christianity with a denial of its essence.

William Ellery Channing.

O prophet preacher, now we speak thy name
With wonder at the reach of thy brave word.
To peace it led, for help 'twas always heard;
To dissipate the dark it grew to flame;
To keep us true it blazes in thy fame;
And to intensity of love we're stirred;
We follow still thy voice as 'twere a bird,
Rejoicing that thy message to us came!
To be a man and worker for the race,
That is the best a man may do and be;
It is nobility of worth and grace;
It is the charm we recognize in thee;
O like the morning star thy name ascends,
And with the light of God in beauty blends!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

What Will Be the Consequences?

We were told by District Attorney Jerome, during his canvass in New York, that in case of his election he should change his residence from the fashionable quarters that he occupied uptown, to the neighborhood of the slums. Now we are told that he has kept his word. He is to reside on Rutgers St., not very far from the densest population of the city. Close by will be the Ghetto, and the sunless tenements, where humanity lives in layers, eight feet apart, and reaching down two layers below the earth's level. Mr. Jerome does not go as a missionary, nor as an officer of the law. He does not believe, either, that he is leaving all virtue behind; nor that the poorer classes are any worse people than the aristocratic. In fact, he has blurted out, in his unconventional way, that he thinks the people of the tenements are more morally inclined, more desirous of living up to the light they have, than the denizens of uptown palaces. He may be right. Perhaps we have been in need of missionaries at the haps we have been in need of missionaries from the other end of the community. Mr. Jerome says the people, below the social deck, may be very wicked and very poor; but that no words can express the moral condition of those who would make them more poor, and more wicked—that that is just what our high-toned society, our high-toned churches, and our high-toned privileges are doing. He has very little respect for half-million churches, where a select body of millionaire saints collect once a week at their ease, "to hear a discourse on God's decrees that save the elect and damn the crowd."

The strong point of Mr. Jerome's position is, that he refuses to consider politics and ethics apart. It is the duty of an official not simply to enforce law, but to reform social conditions. We have been working at the wrong end of the lever—making more laws, and more officers of the law; while what we have needed is to use the law that we have to make conditions so good that we shall need less legislation. Crime is not a legal, so much as a moral affair. Law is not to punish, but to prevent. An officer of the law is to check crime, to elevate the people, to remove provocation to crime; and so to clear up the atmosphere morally as well as legally. This is Mr. Jerome's opinion, and he is right; is he not?

If he is right in his premises, he is right also in his conclusion; the business of the officials whom we elect and pay is to get at the folks and prevent crime. Mr. Jerome says: "I will go and live somewhere midway of the classes, and, so far as possible, I will belong to all classes of the people. I will know neither rich nor poor, except to equalize conditions as far as I can; and will know neither strong nor weak, except to give strength to the weak." His office is open, we are told, so that the people can get at him at all reasonable hours. Red tape will be absolutely unknown. He will be the counsellor of the common folk, as well as district attorney. His office will not be in a public building, locked up except during those very hours when the laboring people are at work, but in his own house. "People making complaints shall have them immediately investigated. I will be in touch with the people, as I would not be if I continued to live uptown. I can also be a help to the Legal Aid Society, and they to me. We shall work in co-operation. Working together we can expedite justice and be of greater help than if we were working separately." Recently we chronicled a judge, who prevented lawsuits—a real "Justice of the Peace." There is good reason to suppose that this was the original intention of our fathers in creating such offices. The object was not litigation, but no litigation; to prevent quarreling, and not to foster it. The one social reform most needed is less use of the law to create irreparable breaches of peace—fewer litigious lawyers. What shall be done to breed peacemakers?

E. P. P.

Editorial Correspondence.

A NEGLECTED SHRINE.

A slow, chilly ride through a drizzling rain, over a pasty red clay road of three miles from the little village of Hodgenville, Kentucky, brought me to the cradle spot of the greatest American, the sole American who shares with Washington the love and admiration of the civilized world. Washington and Lincoln are the two names that have been lifted above all sectional, party and social prejudices. They have ceased even to be American—they belong to Humanity. King and Peasant, Monarchy and Republic, rich and poor, foreigner and native, North and South, unite in honoring them.

It is a touching tribute to both that their names are so often connected and are fast becoming indissoluble. In the estimation of the competent, as well as in the admiration of the young, it is not Washington *or* Lincoln, but it is Washington *and* Lincoln. There is no occasion for invidious comparison. So different are they, there is no chance for rival interests, for local or other jealousies. So removed are they in time and temperament, so different were their tasks, that they can never be considered as antagonists or rivals. Washington created, Lincoln perpetuated. Washington directed the crude forces of a primitive country, Lincoln directed and controlled the same forces grown turbulent, and for a mad space of time defiant and antagonistic.

Proud is the Nation that has produced both a Washington and a Lincoln; so different and yet so near akin. Washington was noble; so was Lincoln, but he was loving too. Washington was just; so was Lincoln, but he added to justice, gentleness. Washington was sagacious; so was Lincoln, and he was also witty. Washington was pre-eminently guided by the head, he was the judgment of his people and his cause; Lincoln, not wanting in judgment, was dominated by the heart; he was the providence of his people, the friend of his foes, and in the light of time his foes have become his appreciative friends and loyal champions.

And still the birthplace of this great American is the picture of desolation and neglect. The humble cabin wherein he was born has been carried

away as a curious show; there remain to mark the spot only a crude pole set in the ground and a few flagstones left there by Nature or by chance. Even the famous spring of water is desecrated and neglected, accessible to pigs, cattle and horses. This spring still flows with delicious water, but the pilgrim who drinks from it must drink as I was glad to do, without the help of cup or goblet. It still pours its wealth of water from under the overhanging cliffs, as it did when it attracted Thomas Lincoln, the carpenter, and led him to pre-empt his homestead, to cut the logs and to build the hut into which he brought his bride, Nancy Hanks, and where three children were born to him.

The great trees are gone, but the ride of sixty-four miles from Louisville enables the tourist to judge even yet what the great forest must have been in its pristine glory. The solitary sycamores, the stately elms, the great oaks and the vigilant pines that still remain, suggest the impressive surroundings of the little cabin into which, on the twelfth day of February, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born. The farm of 110 acres, the title of which is only two or three removes from the land warrant of Thomas Lincoln, is now worse than an abandoned field. The title is in litigation, and the local estimate holds the land well nigh valueless. Fifteen hundred dollars was mentioned as an extravagant price for it. An old house in a state of advanced dilapidation remains on the place and is occupied by an intelligent man of the mountain type, who seems to act as an unauthorized, at least as an unremunerated custodian. A bill was introduced into the Kentucky Legislature a few weeks ago for the purchase by the State of this farm and providing for setting it apart as a memorial park, forever dedicated to the public; but the fate of this bill seemed to be a matter of supreme indifference to the residents of Hodgenville; indeed, its very existence appeared to be unknown to many of them. The attitude of this otherwise thrifty little village seems to be that of indifference, not of ignorance. My driver expressed the public sentiment when he said, "We people here think it mighty common, but folks what come from north of the Ohio river make a great to-do about it, and fuss around cutting sass'fras sticks and the like." Surely, this ought not to be. The intelligence of our own country, our obligation to the future and our respect for the "consensus of the competent" the world over, ought to lift this neglected shrine into the dignity and respect that become the birthplace of a great historical character.

This cannot be done by local enthusiasm, nor does it seem to me to be a State problem or obligation. It is a national lesson, a national opportunity which rises into a national obligation. Surely the Government that is expending millions of dollars on the historic parks of Arlington, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and Vicksburg, could spend a few thousands in preserving this shrine as a pacific memorial to the civilian whose splendor outshines all the epauleted heroes of all our wars.

How is this to be done? First let the Lincoln farm be bought by the Government, then all else will follow easily. Once the title is secured, a sense of permanence and of adequate maintenance will be assured. Then something like the following should speedily follow:

1. The log cabin, which we believe is now in New York City, will be brought back. In order to better preserve the original logs as long as possible, it will be restored and improved until it will represent such a cabin at its maximum of coziness and attractiveness. In this cabin let there be installed some tidy wholesome mother from the back-woods who will serve visitors at reasonable prices the genuine dishes of the older day, "sure enough" ash-cake, sweet potato pone, beaten biscuits, hominy and rye coffee, smoked ham, samp and succotash and hop-in-john. Let the necessary buildings for attendance, cooking houses, etc., represent the best architectural possibilities of the log-house and the back-woodsman's skill.

2. There might be a concession granted on the other side of the spring for a hotel to give accommodations to transients and boarders. Here again, both the architecture and the menu should preserve the maximum of simplicity consonant with comfort, cleanliness and sanitary requirements. The concession must guard against all extortion and selfish greed.

3. There should be at least one fireproof building of classic severity set apart as an "Old Settler's Museum," one end of which, the "Nancy Hanks Lincoln Section," should contain a full exhibit of the domestic side of the back-woods woman's life: the Dutch oven, the old spinning wheel, the outdoor kettles, the wooden ladles, gourd dippers, samples of rustic manufacture from the home-made knitted socks and mittens up to the wonderfully constructed log cabin and basket patterns of bed-quilts. These might well be offered for sale as mementoes, so long as the manufacture could be preserved in its integrity and the work be really produced by the diligent hands of the women who are still to be found by the thousands in the mountain regions and back-woods of Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas. Such a market would prove a benignant outlet to many a dear old soul who now lives in obscurity, carrying in her heart the devotedness of Nancy Hanks, the first, and of Sally Bush Johnson, the second mother of Abraham Lincoln. At the other end of this building let there be a "Thomas Lincoln Section," where the contrivances and "contraptions" of the pioneer farm, the barnyard and the chase should be exhibited—the old flint-lock rifle, powder horns, bullet molds and the fishing spear, the axe in all its developments, the ox-yoke and chains, plows and hoes, coonskin caps and buckskin breeches, and all such things as will help young America to understand the conditions under which their brave fore-elders lived, who, in the paucity of things, attained the riches of the spirit. Let the second story of this building be set apart to a Lincolniana that will grow richer through

the generations. The Lincoln literature is already a small library; it is growing at the rate of two or three books a year. Here let the collection be kept sacred and up to date, with pictures, documents, letters, such as would naturally gravitate to such a fitting center.

This memorial building I should like to see contributed by the school children of America—a nickel a child, from Florida to Oregon. This would create a great and unique nucleus. Once the scheme is intelligently launched and safely organized, how fast the nickels would come in. Let every child send a nickel and his autograph written on prepared sheets. Let them be systematically arranged and bound by towns, counties and States, and placed in the Lincoln Memorial Room for future reference, where the grandchildren of the present little "tots" will look with pride on the autographs of their forefelders who helped to build the Lincoln Memorial.

4. Then I would have another building that should be fireproof, and that, too, should come through nickel offerings. Let it be the love-offering of the African race. Let there be nothing in it except the handiwork of the African. Let it be built and paid for by the hands of colored men. Let it contain as complete an historical museum as they can make it, with models and pictures and books of that which they have produced. Let the story be told from the earliest slave ships, up through all the developments and experiences of slavery to the Emancipation Proclamation and beyond. And the beyond will include such achievements in the arts and sciences as may be reached from time to time by the colored race and be judged worthy a place in this exhibit by a competent board. There are said to be nine million colored people in the United States at the present time. A nickel offering would lay the foundation of a more complete and unique exhibit in this direction than the world has yet seen.

A word as to the general treatment of the farm. It should be all fenced with a good honest rail fence, worm pattern, six rails high, properly blocked, staked and ridered—"such a fence as father used to build." Such a fence could be made picturesque, for there is the possibility of art in a rail fence as there is in a marble statue.

The farm is divided by a public road. On the spring side it should be brought to as high a stage of park cultivation as possible: lawn treatment with a few sheep, a lot of chickens and one or two old-fashioned little red cows, not the new fashioned Jerseys. The opposite section of the farm, on the other side of the road, should be restored as soon as possible to forest glory. Let all the old trees be planted back, the necessary walks arranged for, and then let Nature do her work; and a hundred years from now there will be a forest indeed, dense and majestic, such as the botanist will delight to visit. Near the entrance on the spring side let the Government put the noblest statue of Abraham Lincoln that art ever produced. Awaiting something better, this might well be a replica of St. Gaudens' noble statue, now situated in Lincoln Park, Chicago, the most worthy representation of the great emancipator yet modeled by sculptor's hand.

Has the time not come? Abraham Lincoln can wait; his fame is sure, but the American children and coming generations cannot afford to lose the passing opportunity. The old settlers are dying, the back woods are nearly all cleared, the type of American life represented by Thomas and Nancy Lincoln is fast passing away. Even the relics of that life are becoming scarce, and that life is too valuable, too full of spiritual potency, too pregnant with divine grace and power to be forgotten and lost. For this reason there is occasion for haste. Let the legislators at Washington cease for awhile their clamorings and their clashings in the interests of parties, sections and the enginery of destruction, and apply themselves to this constructive task, so easily accomplished, so filled with pacific potencies, so benignant a contribution to history.

I write this letter at the capital of the Palmetto State, under the shadow of the State House that carries the scars of Sherman's invasion. The hands that will prepare these notes for the printer have been shadowed for good or for ill by that terrible war from the Southern side, as my life has been furrowed by the same war from the Northern side, but in the name of Lincoln we find common ground. As I travel North and South and touch the heart of life in every section, I find that two names rise inevitably above the conflicting lines and dividing issues into that realm of universal respect which ever belongs to the sincere, the consecrated and the heroic. These two names are Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee. Their pronunciation is ever a proclamation of reconciliation because the qualities just mentioned are reconciling qualities in human nature. The word "reconstruction" has a painful association in this latitude, but a rising tide of enthusiasm in the interest of history and in honor of one of the sages of humanity will do much towards obliterating what is painful and developing what is beautiful in the history of the past for North and for South.

Meanwhile, even as it is, let the pilgrimages to this neglected shrine be multiplied. It is an easy ride from Louisville to Hodgenville, and if parties of sufficient number go together, doubtless the Illinois Central Railway Company will be glad to make it still less wearisome, by giving special Pullman car service, which, until the hotel service at Hodgenville is improved, is necessary to the comfort of the tourist.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Columbia, S. C., March 14, 1904.

For my part, I do not think we have any right to think of a heaven for others, much less of a heaven for ourselves in the world to come, until we are wholly determined to make this world a heaven for our fellowmen, and are hoping, believing, loving, and working for that, and for its realization not in a thousand or a million years, but in a nearer and a nearer future.

Stopford A. Brooke.

THE PULPIT.

The Way of the Blessed Life.

SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. R. W. BOYNTON AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, MARCH 6, 1904.

But the Lord answered and said unto her, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about many things: but few things are needful, or one, for Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her.—Luke x.41.

The mind of Jesus was both sane and penetrating in its action. If we would learn to interpret him aright, we must take our start from his large sanity of view, which saw things in their right proportions, and his profound insight, which looked through the husks of outward circumstance to the hidden reality within. Few of his sayings, perhaps, have been more persistently misunderstood than this one concerning the two sisters of Bethany. To serve its own purposes, the church, no doubt itself half in ignorance, has followed what it took to be Jesus' meaning and has exalted Mary as the type of the contemplative life at the expense of Martha, poor burdened Martha, who stands for the active, cumbered life of the everyday world.

But it is apparent that, taken in this sense, Martha, the active life, has been made to add another burden to those which she was already carrying by taking Mary, the contemplative life, upon her back. The one sister has been cumbered with so much the more serving, in order that the other might be free to sit at her Master's feet. Just as the millions of slaves in ancient Greece and Rome lifted upon their toiling shoulders the thousands of elegant, cultured ladies and gentlemen who made "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" as we like to think of them—so from the earliest times the unproductive organization of the church has been sustained by the gifts of human toil. The reason has been, of course, that men have felt that the contemplation of the church has brought to them things more precious than the visible fruits of their labors. But this has been in proportion as the church has left its isolation and brought its interior thoughts to the service of the burdened humanity without. There is in our time a general demand that this service of the active life by the life of contemplation shall become more continuous and complete. The common workingman is everywhere deserting the church, and demanding by his neglect that it become less dreamy and more practical in its aims; less concerned with future rewards and punishments and more energetic to secure social justice and human welfare here.

In our own souls, as well, there have been moments of reaction from the traditional interpretation of the saying of Jesus in the text. Few of the busy Marthas in our churches could listen to the praise of Mary for her superior devotion without a dumb but deep resentment at such a false division of rewards. What ingratitude! Jesus, who has just been eating from the very dishes that Martha is now trying to get cleared away, is yet ready to sit down with Mary, a sympathetic listener, at his feet, leaving the other sister to do the needful work alone. Moreover, when Martha's natural impatience bubbles over in hot words of protest, he piles insult upon injury by calmly telling her that the shirking Mary has chosen the better part!

This view of the incident holds such firm sway over our minds that I doubt if it can easily be shaken. None the less, it completely mistakes the attitude of Jesus, and misses wholly the point of his reproof. He does not speak to increase his friend's burdens, but to lighten them. He addresses himself, as he invariably does, less to the external conditions than to the spirit in which they are being met. What he says in response to her impatient outbursts is very gentle, and amounts to this: "Martha, don't mind about all those things just now. A very few things would have sufficed, or only one." This rendering follows the best Greek texts, and better preserves the meaning. A few dishes were enough, or just the one thing which Mary had chosen, which should not be taken away from her.

This good part that Mary had kept was the spirit of hospitality. Martha had let herself care so much for the entertainment of her guest that now she was overcome by the details of her housekeeping. Is it not a familiar situation? We do not have to suppose that Jesus despised these homely details. It is just a part of his greatness that they all came within his view. But what he says is, Don't let yourself be so cumbered as to lose sight of the object of your serving. What guest could possibly find pleasure in what was such an annoyance to you? Over-elaboration is the weakness that is rebuked in Martha, while simplicity is the virtue that is praised in Mary. So, ridding ourselves of the usual misunderstanding, and putting the scene back into its humble, domestic environment, it does not seem, perhaps, to teach us anything very profound. Still, is not its lesson profound, and is it not a lesson that we need to learn over again on every one of our too busy, too much cumbered days?

In what does the art of life consist, if not in a just proportioning of the means that we use to the ends that we hope to secure by them? To exalt the means above the end that they are meant to serve is surely to miss the mark entirely. But is not this the very thing that we find ourselves so often doing? We make elaborate preparations for an enjoyment that never comes. We want a liberal education, and in getting it we become wrapped up in the process—it becomes gradually clear that our whole life must be a process of learning—and we forget that culture is of use only as we apply it to conduct; so we end by merely pursuing culture for its own sake—the most barren and unrewarding of pursuits. Or we think we could enjoy life if only we were rich enough. So we set about to gain wealth, and the toilsome years succeed one another in which our one thought is: When I am just a little richer I will stop and enjoy what I have. Meanwhile the opportunities for present enjoyment fly by, and the capacity for making much of simple things atrophies by disuse; until at last we find ourselves not only not rich, according to our early dreams, but with those dreams of what the riches were to purchase faded out into the realization that for us the time of keenest joy is over, while the things we might have cared for most are the things that money cannot buy.

These are not fancy pictures. They are just outlines that every one of you can fill in to suit your particular case. Over-elaboration of means, with the consequent failure to attain simply and naturally to our ends—is not this one of the besetting sins of what we glorify as civilization, as we now know it? You remember, perhaps, the amusing scene with which M. Charles Wagner opens his little book, "The Simple Life." The preparations for a wedding are going forward in a French household. But they sound strikingly American as well. "Callers loaded with gifts, and tradesmen bending

under packages, come and go in endless procession. The servants are at the end of their endurance. As for the family and the betrothed, they no longer have a life or a fixed abode. Their mornings are spent with dressmakers, milliners, upholsterers, jewelers, decorators and caterers. After that, comes a rush through offices, where one waits in line, gazing vaguely at busy clerks engulfed in papers. A fortunate thing, if there be time when this is over, to run home and dress for the series of ceremonial dinners—betrothal dinners, dinners of presentation, the settlement dinner, receptions, balls. About midnight, home again, harassed and weary, to find the latest accumulation of parcels, and a deluge of letters—congratulations, felicitations, acceptances and regrets from bridesmaids and ushers, excuses of tardy tradesmen. And the *contretemps* of the last minute—a sudden death that disarranges the bridal party; a wretched cold that prevents a favorite cantatrice from singing, and so forth and so forth." And all this is about the setting up in life of two young people who love each other, and who would like nothing so much as to be left alone together with their new and marvelously unfolding love.

Let no one here mistake the means which I am using for the ends that I wish to secure. I am not decrying weddings or wealth or education or hospitality. These things and many more must have their place in our lives, and it is often a beautiful as well as a necessary place. What I am intent on showing you is that if they are to minister to beauty and to joy as well as to simple use, we must learn better how to proportion them as means to the ends that we wish through them to reach. We must learn anew the great art of life. The simple life cannot be for us a return, as the French philosophers of a century ago would have it, to the primitiveness of the savage; for that, on investigation, turns out to be no simplicity at all, but a complexity in some ways greater than our own. Nevertheless, we do cry inwardly for a simpler life, for the satisfying of simple needs in simple ways. Nothing shows this better than the warm reception which the American people, led by our President, have given to the little book of the great-hearted French preacher from which I have quoted. Nothing shows it better than this, unless it is perhaps the glad relief with which what we call society turns from its feverish round of frivolty and over-elaboration to the severer devotions of the church that are prescribed for the season of Lent.

But the way of the blessed life is not in rushing from one extreme to the other and then back again. In its overdoing of the practices of abstinence and self-restraint the Lenten season reveals to us how unrestrained, and in the wider sense of the word how intemperate, the common life of the world has become. No one, all of whose days are "bound each to each by natural piety," needs now to engage in any special acts of devotion. Even in the observances of Lent itself, we see how the elaborating genius of the church has turned the means to a sober and godly life into ends for a short season of comparative sobriety and godliness. It is a part of the irony of history that the name of Jesus should be invoked in support of all this. We have heard what he said to Martha in the home at Bethany, and we can easily imagine his turning to the modern church and saying, in that quiet voice which has brought his words so far across the centuries, "Thou art anxious and troubled about many things: but few things are needful, or one." Not Lenten observance, or any other over-elaboration of belief or of devotion do we need, but an unfailing spirit of human helpfulness, touched by a sense of the ever-present divine Life. That is what we must have to make our lives devoted and Christ-like, and that is all. Like the heavenly kingdom of which Jesus spoke, this life of constant blessedness and blessing is not anywhere to be found, not even in churches, until it is first of all "within you."

It is, after all, to have the right spirit within us, and to bring it out by its appropriate use,—it is this that we mean when we speak of living the blessed life. The gospel of strenuousness has been preached to us so incessantly, not only of late years but almost ever since the American continent was opened to settlement in a large way, that we as a people have thus far missed the fine repose and balance of at least the better individuals among the older races. Because our fathers had to be strenuous in order to enter the land and possess it, we think that we must be more strenuous. We range over the face of the globe to seek our enjoyments and our satisfactions, neglectful that the purest of them well up unbidden within us when the conditions are just right, as the best flowers and fruit come out of the soil where there is the most perfect climate. Soul-climate is a thing that we can very largely make for ourselves. We make it by fitting ourselves as harmoniously as may be into the special environment in which we are cast. Then what is within us comes to its natural fruitage, and its growing upward and outward gives us the sense of blessedness we crave, the only blessedness, indeed, that we can ever have.

Often what comes of this inward cultivation is as delightful as it is unexpected. Mr. Edward S. Martin, in his introduction to a recent edition of "Alice in Wonderland," tells again the story of the growth of that childhood classic from the casual play of its author's mind as he sought to give amusement to three little girls, the daughters of his neighbor, Dean Liddell. The world knew him as Lewis Carroll, but in real life he was an Oxford mathematical tutor of another name. That a mind trained in the severe processes of mathematics should have produced such a whimsical fancy as Alice "is one of those things," as Mr. Martin says, "that sometimes happen when no one is looking." Continuing to speak of the careful way in which the author worked out his fancy, so casually formed, "because he happened to be a man who could and would take the trouble to get what was in him out," Mr. Martin adds that "If men more commonly valued and worked out the best gift they had, and spent even a part of their energies in the labors they were most fit for, the world would be richer than it is in books, in art, and in everything else that pleases and benefits humanity."

I presume that at least half of us feel that the opportunity has never come in our lives to show what we could do under favoring conditions. But is it any more likely to come by our pining for it, and meanwhile throwing away the opportunity that may be awaiting us now, where we are? It may be that the only power of which we are conscious is

> "a power
> Girt round with weakness:—it can scarce uplift
> The weight of the superincumbent hour."

Nevertheless, we must put forth whatever power is in us, amid whatever conditions surround us, if we are ever to learn what life can mean, and what rewards of blessedness it has to offer. So, in the spirit of our hymn,

> "The trivial round, the common task,
> Will furnish all we ought to ask."

They will furnish, also, all that we ought to ask, if we are faithful to the highest that is in us.

We do not, probably, glorify overmuch the noble service of humanity in active striving for the good in those heroic ways where reward is almost sure to come. But we do too much forget, I believe, the still lives that give us sometimes our highest vision of the spiritual in the human. It is not so much what the conditions are around us, but what is the manner in which we are meeting them that counts to us for happiness, as Jesus saw in the case of the sisters, Mary and Martha, at Bethany. Being has greater richness of inward blessing to offer us than doing. It is a quiet gathering up, rather, out of years of faithful doing, of the essence of life, which when stored up with much meditation and unspoken prayer takes on a sweet and lasting fragrance that comes into our human life in no other way.

I say that circumstances themselves make little difference, compared with the way we take them. Do we not find that the most blessed lives we know are just the ones that have distilled out of sorrow and loss and suffering the purest fragrance? When we think to make the comparison, our robust, healthy selves seem puny beside them. I have been in sickrooms, and so have you, where we felt ourselves shrinking into a mere speck, compared with the marvels of patience and fortitude and peace that we found there. We are strong for what is without; they are strong within. Our strength will serve us for a little time—until we grow impatient or lose heart; theirs seems provisioned for eternity.

You will readily think of examples as I am speaking. But not long ago it came in my way to visit two elderly people for whom life holds very little, as we commonly estimate it. Their friends have dropped away, until scarcely one is left. Their means are small, their strength failing. Yet when I asked them in our talk how life seemed to them under these hard conditions, as they looked to me, their faces brightened and their eyes glowed as they said almost together, "It was never so interesting as now; it never meant so much to us before." Few things are needful, said Jesus, or one; only the spirit of simplicity, in which to enjoy the unbounded goodness with which the Father of our spirits has blessed our lives, if we can just realize him where we are.

Then, this simple, receptive life, which seeks and finds its blessing in things familiar and close at hand—what is its influence in the world? Is it not the greatest of all? What we have not within ourselves we cannot give out to others. The life that is constantly seeking satisfaction and never finding it cannot have the

> "leisure from itself
> To soothe and sympathize."

Only what we ourselves have garnered up out of experience can we really share with others. And our giving is in proportion, not to our restless striving, but to our quiet having.

I have long kept near me a little poem by a woman who was, as I understand, an invalid, and with this my sermon may come to an end. Better than all that I have said, it points to what I meant to show—the way of the blessed life. It is called "That Quiet Life".

> "Lord, oft I think what I would do—
> How far and wide thy glory show,
> How by my touch the world I'd move,
> How by my word the truth I'd prove,
> And mourn my hand can grasp no more,
> And mourn my voice of little power,
> Then comes a thought—a greater thought,
> Of a still work that once was wrought,
> A noiseless step, a quiet touch,
> A fame that moved the world not much;
> Only a few those hands could reach,
> Only a few those lips could teach;
> A sweet rebuke that life to me,
> That quiet life in Galilee."

Democratic Ideals in Education.

A revival of democratic ideals seems to be among the possible movements of the near futre. Recent political discussion indicates a shifting of interest from material achievements to fundamental principles. We hear more reference today to the Declaration of Independence than any time since Lincoln's debates with Douglas on the questions of slavery and union. Moral issues actually begin to appear once more on the political horizon. If development should happen to be now in the moral direction we shall have again in this country an era of debate and oratory such as we have had at two other times in our history in the great moments of crisis in the development of democracy.

One sign of the change is the attention given today to democratic education. From a study of the recent literature on this subject it appears probable that there will be a shifting of emphasis in education in at least three respects.

First, education tends more and more to become industrial. We are fully convinced of the inefficiency of an education which involves merely intellectual discipline and book learning. Such education is not—to use Prince Kropotkin's phrase—"integral." It does not involve the whole man. It leaves out of account moral instruction and character building. It leads inevitably to the formation of classes and castes. It is not, in short, democratic. In an industrial democracy, such as ours tends to be, education must be industrial. Labor, as has been said, is the life of the world. Character is a "by-product" of labor. William Morris testifies that "Industrial education is both moral and spiritual." Moral integrity, it appears, is the very condition of successful labor. Given an active instinct for workmanship, all other things, including the very virtues sought for in schools, yea, intellectual discipline itself, may be added to it.

Parker H. Sercombe quoted to me the other day several theses on these points which seem to be well sustained. Among them were these:

"By separating education from practical life society has inculcated the vicious belief that education is one thing and life another."

"To work intelligently is education."

"To abstain from useful work in order to get an education is to get an education of the wrong kind; that is to say, a false education."

Another aspect of the subject is set forth in Jane Addams' book on "Democracy and Social Ethics." Miss Addams points out that the schools of today are not adjusted in the least degree to the needs of the majority of the people. The conventional college is based upon academic "scholarship" and meets the requirements of a very small proportion of the people. The public schools are largely commercial in type in that they teach reading, writing and arithmetic in a manner serviceable in the main to office boys and clerks. The technical schools are devoted to the training of engineers, professional chemists, electricians and mechanics of a specialized kind. The great philanthropic schools exist for the benefit of the criminal and helpless. No effort has been made up to this time to adjust education to the actual needs of the great mass of mankind, the workers of the world, its builders and machine tenders.

The arraignment Miss Addams makes of the modern school is just and true. These are her words: "It will certainly be embarrassing to have our age written down triumphant in the matter of inventions, in that our factories were filled with intricate machines, the result of advancing mathematical and mechanical

knowledge in relation to manufacturing processes, but defeated in that it lost its head over the achievement and forgot the men. The accusation would stand that the age failed to perform a like service in the extension of history and art to the factory employes who ran the machines; that the machine tenders, heavy and almost dehumanized by monotonous toil, walked about in the same streets with us and sat in the same cars, but that we were absolutely indifferent and made no genuine effort to supply to them the artist's perception or student's insight, which alone could fuse them into social consciousness. It would further stand that the scholars among us continued with yet more research, that the educators were concerned only with the young and the promising and the philanthropists with the criminal and helpless. There is a pitiful tendency to ignore the situation in which the majority of working people are placed, a tendency to ignore their real experience and needs and, most stupid of all, we leave quite untouched affections and memories which would afford a tremendous dynamic if they were utilized."

The sum of her suggestions is that education, in order to be truly democratic, must be socialized; it must connect, that is, not with the past traditions of education, but with the actual life of today. Who, then, will work out a curriculum which will connect education genuinely with life as it is?

A third phase of the subject is discussed by Professor John Dewey in the December number of the Elementary School Teacher under the title of "Democracy in Education." "Modern life," Professor Dewey says, "means democracy, democracy means freeing intelligence for independent effectiveness—the emancipation of mind as an individual organ to do its own work. We naturally associate democracy with freedom of action, but freedom of action without freed capacity of thought behind it is only chaos." How, then, does the school stand with reference to the opportunity of freedom in respect to thought? Professor Dewey's answer to this question is the most radical utterance that has appeared in recent educational literature. "I find," he says, "the fundamental need of the school today dependent upon its limited recognition of the principle of freedom of intelligence." He notes that this limitation affects both elements of school life, teacher and pupil. As to one form of this limitation as it affects the public school teacher he has this to say:

"If there is a single public school system in the United States where there is official and constitutional provision made for submitting questions of methods of discipline and teaching, and the questions of the curriculum, text-books, etc., to the discussion and decision of those actually engaged in the work of teaching, that fact has escaped my notice. Indeed, the opposite situation is so common that it seems, as a rule, to be absolutely taken for granted as the normal and final condition of affairs. The number of persons to whom any other course has occurred as desirable, or even possible—to say nothing of necessary—is apparently very limited. But until the public school system is organized in such a way that every teacher has some regular and representative way in which he or she can register judgment upon matters of educational importance, with the assurance that this judgment will somehow affect the school system, the assertion that the present system is not, from the internal standpoint, democratic, seems to be justified. Either we come here upon some fixed and inherent limitation of the democratic principle, or else we find in this fact an obvious discrepancy between the conduct of the school and the conduct of social life—a discrepancy so great as to demand immediate and persistent effort at reform."

This points to decentralization of control so far as administration of the school is concerned. The opposite process is feudalistic and undemocratic.

Democratic education involves, then, a change from our present system in respect to educational motive, educational method and administrative control.

OSCAR L. TRIGGS.

Sanitariums for Consumptives.

I would rather give life to a consumptive than add a machine to my factory. That seems an irreverent assertion, as if it were an open question. Yet the universal practice is the other way. Every Captain of Industry will use his $1,000 or borrow it to add one more machine and operator in his factory, but can rarely be persuaded to give that amount to put ten men in the way of recovering from curable chronic disease. We all cheerfully pay taxes for Life Saving Stations, equipments and men on the dangerous sea coast. We could save ten times the number for the same money by setting up open air consumptive sanitariums and camps throughout the country. There are 100,000 deaths a year from consumption, probably not 10,000 from shipwreck on our coasts. Lingering for one, two or three years, there are probably 250,000 pulmonary invalids dragging out a painful existence, depleting their own and their friends' resources and those of the public. Practically all of these could be restored and the spread of the disease stopped or curtailed. Along with the cures and the prevention would go education in practical hygiene and the making of robust, healthy lives. We might better spend one-quarter the cost of our navy on public health. The one is made to kill and maim and to protect our foreign commerce, the other to give life and health and vigor to our people at home. The national doctrine of internal improvements might well include life-saving stations in the most favorable climatic localities. Irrigation works for the settlers in the arid West are good. Sanitariums and camps in the arid regions are better.

N. O. NELSON.

March 17, 1904.

Thanks.

Thanks to you, sun and moon and star,
And you, blue level with no cloud,—
Thanks to you, splendors from afar,
For a high heart, a neck unbowed.

Thanks to you, wind, sent to and fro,
To you, light, pouring from the dawn;
Thanks for the breath and glory-flow
The steadfast soul can feed upon.

Thanks to you, pain and want and care,
And you, joy, cunning to deceive,
And you, balked phantoms of despair,
I battle on, and I believe.

Thanks to you ministers benign,
In whatsoever guise you come;
Under this fig tree and this vine,
Here I am master, and at home.

—*John Vance Cheney, in the Atlantic.*

Mrs. Ella Higginson's new book has just appeared, "The Voice of April-Land and Other Poems." Readers of "When the Birds Go North Again" will remember that her verse is distinguished chiefly for melody, tenderness, and depth of sentiment. Mrs. Higginson is better known as the author of "Mariella of Out West"; but her verse has gained for her the high regard of lovers of poetry, because it has quality, character, sincerity, and beauty.

Read the best books first, or you may not have a chance to read them at all.—*Thoreau.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

By W. L. Sheldon.
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XIV.

Memory Gem.

"The most substantial glory of a country is in its virtuous great men; its prosperity will depend on its docility to learn from their example. That nation is fated to ignominy and servitude for which such men have lived in vain."—Fisher Ames.

Points of the Lesson.

I. That there is a peculiar significance in the fact that we sing hymns to our country.

II. That we do this because of the solemn feelings we have for our country.

III. That our country is something we look up to as superior to us or above us as individual citizens.

IV. That we not only love our country, but reverence or venerate it.

V. That in reverencing our country, we reverence the memory of the forefathers of the country.

VI. That, unlike a business partnership, the state resembles an organization of which each part depends on all the rest, or is affected by what happens to all the rest.

VII. That we are responsible for the welfare of the state because it is like a sacred institution.

VIII. That the state is something more than ourselves, because rooted in the past, with an indefinite life in the future.

IX. That the state, therefore, is entrusted to us as an institution, while we are its citizens.

X. That the doctrine about government being a necessary evil arose from peculiar conditions at certain periods of history.

XI. That there is something peculiarly sacred in the state as an institution, from the fact that it is sovereign over individual human life.

Duties.

I. *We ought to venerate the state as a sacred trust committed to us from the past.*

II. *We ought to venerate the state as a sovereign power which came into existence long before ourselves and which will continue to exist long after we are gone.*

Story: Daniel Wester.

In talking about this feeling that there is something peculiarly sacred in the idea of the state or the nation, I should like to tell you a little about the man whose name is especially associated with this sentiment in the history of the United States. It has taken a long while for people to get over the notion that the state or the nation was not a kind of business partnership which could be broken up or dissolved just like any other kind of partnership, provided that one or more members of the firm wished to withdraw. A great many people in former times looked upon the state in this light as if there was nothing peculiarly solid about it. To them I suppose it was just "business," a sort of partnership for convenience and nothing else. They had already come to see that at any rate this was not true of the home or the family. It had been long felt that when the family was established, those who belonged to it were not at liberty to separate as they pleased, in order to go and found a new family in any way they liked. The world had come to see that there was something peculiarly sacred in home or the family, so that when it was founded it was to *stay* as a tie or bond, for life or death. It has taken thousands of years for the human race to find this out. In early times, as we know, people had looked upon the home or the family as a mere partnership and nothing more. Yet little by little, religious teachers, statesmen, law makers and law givers have come to feel that such a theory was all a mistake. Priest and prophet fought for their belief that there was something in the tie of home and family which made it a tie for life and death.

But long after, the world went on thinking that the state or the nation was not like the family in this respect. Men looked upon it as a tie which they could break or dissolve at leisure; they believed this honestly, and we must respect them for their convictions. Some of the men who were the founders of our republic talked in this way; they looked upon the whole United States of America as a kind of partnership for convenience. They said that the state was often a check on liberty; that government was only a sort of necessary evil, so that if the world could get along without government or states, all the better for the world. Just think what it would have meant if they had said this in regard to home or the family, asserting that it would be all the better for the world if we could get along without home and families.

It was along about the middle of the last century, as you know, that this great problem faced the citizens of our country. It had to be settled one way or the other. We ought not to blame those who held the old theory, for they held to it honestly and conscientiously from their hearts. But the champions for the belief in the sacredness of the state were coming forth and saying that our nation could not be broken up as a mere partnership, that it was a union for life and death; that it had begun its life before we were born and that it was to go on with its life long after we had passed away.

At last, as you know, the problem had to be settled in the saddest of all ways, by a civil war. But before the struggle reached that point, it was fought in the legislative halls, in the capitol at Washington. The great leaders of the people stood up bravely and well for their convictions there, so that we cannot help honoring even those whom we believe to have been in the wrong.

But I want to tell you a little about the leader at that time for the standpoint which now has triumphed, a man who stood forth to champion the cause of union through life or death for the state or nation as well as for the home and family. I want to tell you of the great speech he made in the Senate, the greatest speech, I suppose which was ever made in the capitol at Washington. It will go down in history as something we shall all want to know about and should all know by heart.

I am thinking, of course, of Daniel Webster. He had begun life as a lawyer in Massachusetts, but ere long he was to become even more than a lawyer; he was to become one of the greatest statesmen of modern times. He had been born in a village in New England, just about the time of the close of the Revolutionary War, in January, 1782. When a child he was weak and delicate, so that while his father was a farmer, the boy was not able to do manual labor. A little later, when the father was able to do so, he sent his boy to Exeter Academy.

And in this way the youth went on through his school days and then through college and began the study of law, but he gave this up for a time and went and taught school in order that his brother might also be enabled to get an education.

Afterwards he was enabled to finish his law studies and enter the legal profession. Later on he settled in Boston and became one of the foremost lawyers of his day. While he had been a weak and delicate child, he developed into a strong, powerful man, tall and stately, with an imposing presence, so that when people looked at him they could not help admiring him. But along with this splendid physique, handsome figure and face, went a great mind and equally great gifts of speech. He became the greatest orator we have ever had in this country.

Ere long he was called upon to enter political life. He entered Congress at Washington and afterwards for a time was in the American Senate for the state of Massachusetts. Everybody knew about him now. He was great as a lawyer, great as a public speaker, great as a man. He had come forth as the champion of the sacredness of the Union. He fought for it in the Senate and outside. He believed in it with all his heart and soul and being.

But I am telling you this in order to make you understand the glory of that day when he made his most famous speech in the American Senate in the cause of the Union. The excitement all through the country was something intense. The United States, had been in existence as a nation only about forty years, and in the course of another quarter of a century it was to be decided whether the union was to survive. The agitation seemed to have reached its climax among the Senators and Representatives at Washington.

And it was known that the great Daniel Webster was to proclaim the cause of the Union. The speech is known in history as "The Reply to Hayne." Some time I hope that you will read every word of this great speech and know all about it. I am aware that twenty-five years or more were to elapse before the sentiment of that address by Webster was to triumph. It was to cost the blood of hundreds of thousands of the citizens of this country ere the issue was to be settled which was now being fought out in the American Senate. Was this union a mere business partnership, a contract of convenience, or was it a sacred tie to last through life or death? This was the problem facing the people of the country. Let me read you what the biographer of Webster tells us in regard to the occasion of this speech:

"On the morning of the memorable day, the Senate Chamber was packed by an eager and excited crowd. Every seat on the floor and in the galleries was occupied, and all the available standing room was filled. The protracted debate conducted with much ability on both sides had attracted the attention of the country, and had given time for the arrival of hundreds of interested spectators from all parts of the

Union. The fierce attacks of the southern leaders had angered and alarmed the people of the north. They longed with an intense longing to have these assaults met and repelled, and yet they could not believe that this apparently desperate feat could be successfully accomplished. Men of the North could be known in Washington in those days by their indignant but dejected looks and downcast eyes. They gathered in the Senate Chamber on the appointed day quivering with anticipation and with hope and fear struggling for the mastery in their breasts. With them were mingled those who were there for mere curiosity, and those who had come to join in the confident expectations that the Northern champion would suffer defeat and failure. In the midst of the hush of expectation, in that dead silence which is so peculiarly oppressive, because it is possible only when many human beings are gathered together, Mr. Webster arose. He had sat impassive and immovable during all the preceding days while the storm of argument had beaten about his head. At last his time had come; and as he arose and stood forth drawing himself up to his full height, his personal grandeur and his majestic calm thrilled all who looked upon him. His opening sentence was a piece of consummate art. With breathless attention they followed him as he proceeded. The strong masculine sentences, the sarcasm, the pathos, the reasoning, the burning appeals to love of state and country flowed on unbroken. As his feelings warmed the fire came into his eyes; there was a glow on his swarthy cheek; his strong right arm seemed to sweep resistantly the whole phalanx of his opponents, and the deep and melodious cadences of his voice sounded like harmonious organ tones as they filled the chamber with their music. As the last word died away in silence, those who had listened looked wonderingly at each other dimly conscious that they had listened to one of the grandest grand speeches which are landmarks in the history of eloquence; and the men of the North went forth full of the pride of victory, for their champion had triumphed and no assurance was needed to prove to the world that this time no answer could be made."—*Lodge's Life of Webster.*

We are sorry enough to know that this great issue had divided the country into two halves, the South on the one side and the North on the other. Yet it was not the North itself, not one section of the country which Webster was speaking for, but rather a great eternal principle or truth about which the citizens of this country at that time could not agree. War has settled it at last and today one flag floats over the homes of the united country.

And now I will read you a part of that famous speech. Did you catch the last words as I read them to you? Do you see how much they mean? They give in one sentence the whole truth for which Webster was contending and the truth which now has triumphed once for all, in that thought, "Liberty and Union now and forever one and inseparable." It was so hard for men to feel the inseparableness of Union and Liberty. It has taken a long while for men to find out that there may be more freedom in the life of a state with a government, than where each man went his own way without rule or law. We should cherish no feelings of animosity. We should feel that those who fought on the other side believed in their cause even to the point of being willing to die for it. But the truth which we have been speaking of has triumphed at last. Webster fought for it by his noble speech in the American Senate a long while ago; hundreds of thousands of men died in order that it might be established once for all, in our great Civil War. Today we can all feel and believe that there is something sacred about the state, that law and liberty go together, the unity of national life is something more than a partnership, that it is a unity for life and death.

Classic for Reading or Recitation.

"It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with new proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself to look beyond the Union, to see what might be hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day at least that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall have turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union, on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward;" but everywhere spread over all in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"—Daniel Webster.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER.—This will be a difficult lesson to make the boys and girls appreciate. At the same time, it is one of the most important of the whole course. Even if the members of the class cannot altogether understand the points, it is better to give them the words, at the same time associating with them the most solemn feelings which the teacher can put into them. It is important to develop the idea that reverence is even higher than love. We want to make the boys and girls feel that in the study of citizenship it is not like their everyday study in reading, writing and arithmetic, but that there is something solemn about it. There may be some objection to the word "sacred" for various reasons. If so, it could be omitted altogether and not brought in as a part of the theme. This might be at the option of the school where these lessons are used. Perhaps it would involve a sentiment which the young people could not appreciate at their age. On the other hand, it may suggest a special theory in political science. But the sentiment could be conveyed in another way. The chief point is to distinguish between the state as a whole and a business partnership. A great feature to keep in mind is that the state is something more than ourselves, by its connection with the past and the future. We wish to imply, without trying to explain it too definitely, that the state has a mission to fulfil. We can point out the use of the word "destiny," in connection with the state or the nation, a term which we can practically never apply to a private institution or a business corporation. The same thought will come out further in connection with the story about Webster, as well as in the use of the celebrated passage from his speech. We do not, of course, wish to go into theories of government nor arouse sectional prejudices. The speech should rank more like a poem. At the same time, the fact can be stated that the principle for which he stood is now the accepted standpoint for the nation as a whole.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

EDUCATION IN INDIA UNDER BRITISH RULE.—"There is a general impression," says the *Indian Messenger*, "that India has made much progress in education under the British rule. If we take education in its higher sense this impression may perhaps be found to be correct. But the census of 1901 shows that education in the sense of literacy has, far from making any progress, appreciably declined in the last ten years in Madras, the United Province and the Punjab; in Bombay there has been a slight progress; the only province which records any appreciable progress is Bengal. But still the ratio is as low as 146 per thousand among males above 15 years of age and 4 per thousand among females. In Bengal, however, a falling off has set in since the last census was taken, and it is not unlikely that the next census will find Bengal also following the track of Madras in the decline of education."

"The *Statesman* draws certain extremely interesting comparisons as to the progress of education among the various castes of Hinduism based on the figures afforded by the census of 1901. It is generally believed that the Brahmins are the most progressive and cultured of the castes in Bengal, but the census figures show that, far from being the first in point of culture, they come very much lower down in the scale. Of the indigenous castes of Bengal the Baidyas take the first place with 648 literate males per thousand. Then follow the Kayasthas with 560, the Karans with 528, the Subarnabaniks with 519, the Gandhabaniks with 517, and behind them all come the Brahmins with 467 literate males for every thousand. With regard to female education also they are very backward, with only 26 per thousand, against 259 per thousand of the Baidyas. These are very astonishing figures indeed. The Brahmins are not a little proud of their imagined intellectual supremacy. Indeed, we have heard many people adduce as a reason in support of the obnoxious caste system this imagined intellectual supremacy of the Brahmins. But the census report bursts that bubble. This low position of the Brahmins is to a certain extent due to the Brahmins of Behar, who are as a class very backward in education. But even in Bengal proper the Brahmins are inferior to the Baidyas in education. The so-called highest class, then, is not the best educated."

Dharmapala writes briefly to *The Maha-Bodi* of the Carlisle Indian Industrial Institute and of Booker T. Washington's great work at Tuskogee. He says in part:

"To give a pen-picture of the magnificent educational institutions that I have seen in San Francisco, Healdsburg, Chicago, Tuskegee and other places is simply impossible. To see these institutions is a blessing. The more I see them, the more I am convinced of our backward condition. Just think of the philanthropic nature of these good American people, that they have given Booker Washington, the negro educationalist, over a million dollars for his school. One lady contributed $25,000 to build baths for the pupils in the school. Booker Washington, born in slavery, is today showing his marvelous power of individuality by the phenomenal work he has done. With a few hundred dollars, which he had borrowed, he purchased the land and built a log cabin for 20 children in 1881; today he has 1,400 children, the school farm measures 1,000 acres, and the buildings, etc., are worth nearly two million dollars. For a hundred years the English viceroys, governors, etc., have governed India, and yet what Booker Washington has accomplished in 20 years the British in 100 years have failed to do.

"Give the child an education, train him up in science, art and truth, and he has the best religion. To serve humanity, to elevate the fallen, to clothe the naked, to feed the starving—this is religion. To bathe in the Ganges, to mumble *Mantras* in an unknown language, is not religion. The child cannot understand the speculative metaphysics of the Upanishad and the Vedanta. But he can understand if he is taught kindness to all, absolute honesty, purity of body, truthfulness, and abstinence from liquors. I have bought many useful implements to open the industrial school either in Calcutta or Gaya."

Announcements.

Pulpit notices, lecture announcements in Chicago or elsewhere, "Wants" of churches or ministers, or "Personals" of interest to UNITY readers are invited for this column.

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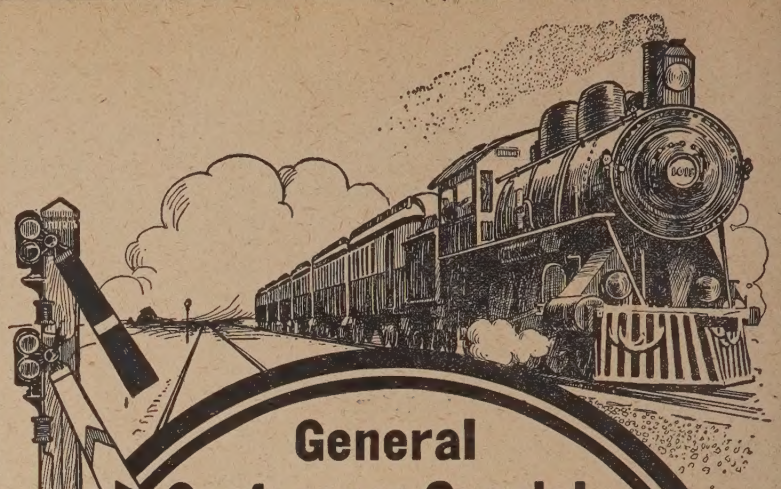

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